

The Saturday Gazette.

Vol. I.—No. 10.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887.

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The Gazette.

CANADIAN CRICKETERS.

THE GREAT TEAM THAT IS GOING TO ENGLAND.

A Brief Glance at Some of the Achievements of our Batsmen and Bowlers.

Below will be found a few of the incidents in the lives of the members of the Canadian Cricket Team who leave for Great Britain to play the leading clubs there. The tour will occupy two months and will beyond doubt give English and Scotch a better idea of the prowess of Canadians at the bat than they have hitherto enjoyed.

Dr. E. R. Ogden, of Toronto, the captain of the team, is the best all round cricketer Canada ever produced. He learned the game at Upper Canada College, and first attracted public attention in 1879 in the match between the Canadian twenty-two and Daft's professional team, at Toronto. In 1880 he played for Canada against the United States at Philadelphia, and in the same match the following year, at Hamilton, obtained the best batting average. Since then no representative Canadian team has been without him. His admirable knowledge of the game fits him to be a successful leader. He is the best left-handed bat in America; combining strong defense and fine placing powers. He is a superb wicket keeper and brilliant fielder in any position. As a bowler he has few equals, his delivery being easy, from fast to slow, with plenty of spin. Dr. Ogden is now in England perfecting the arrangements of the tour.

G. G. S. Lindsey, of Toronto, was the originator of the coming tour. For years back he has been an active worker in the cause of cricket. He has been captain of the eleven of the University of Toronto, and has played in many important matches. As a batsman he is not reliable for a score, but his good eye in the absence of good form usually pulls him through. He is a smart, active fielder, hard working and a sure catch. He bowls round the wicket with great curve and break back, and is very destructive when in practice.

R. B. Ferrie, of Hamilton, is one of the most effective bowlers on the team. He bowls fast round arm, round the wicket, with considerable curve and work from leg, and on a soft wicket often bowls five "shooters" in an over. Partnered with Mr. Gillespie, of the same club, his successes at times with the ball have been phenomenal. As a batsman he is a free hard hitter, but he lacks that form which education alone can give. He, however, makes wonderful off drives, which keep very slow, and are not likely to be stopped by infielders. By the Philadelphians Mr. Ferrie is regarded as a terror, and with good reason.

A. Gillespie, of Hamilton, is Mr. Ferrie's side-partner with the ball. He bowls over arm, round the wicket, with great spin, and breaks either way. His ordinary pace is medium, though he varies it continually. He is justly regarded as one of the best bowlers in Canada, and since 1881 has trundled against every international team, and no one has been of greater service to Canadian cricket. Mr. Gillespie is also an "all-day" bowler, who is just as straight and accurate at the end as at the beginning of an inning. At times he is a serviceable batsman, and since 1881, when he ran up 117 runs against Toronto for Hamilton, his reputation as wielder of the willow has been established.

W. W. Vickers, of Toronto, is an old Upper Canada collegian. He is a careful batter and generally is the first to defend the wickets for his side. Since 1884 he has played in every match of importance. In 1885 he secured the best batting average in the international match and the distinction of making 32, the highest score, in the match against Pearson Thornton's team. He is an excellent long-stoper, and when he gets a catch generally holds it. Does not bowl.

W. C. Little, of Ottawa, has been for many years one of the chief supports of the club in this city. He is a very steady bat with careful defense and can score quickly when set. He scored 46 against Ontario for Quebec last year, besides scoring 117, 89 and 81 on three occasions for the Ottawa Club. He is a remarkably fine point, being light on his feet and quick as he is sure. He is a fast runner and a good medium pace change bowler with slight curl from leg. He is very plucky and is likely to play consistently well throughout the tour.

Dyce W. Saunders, of Toronto received his cricketing education at Trinity College School, Port Hope, but is chiefly indebted to himself for the excellent cricket he plays. His first important match was on the side of Landon and District against Daft's English professional team. Since then he has played in many important matches. Captaining the Canadian international team in 1886. He bats in beautiful form, using a great deal of wrist play. His defense is masterly and shows correct endeavor to play every ball correctly. His best scores have been

made on the Trinity College Grounds. For Guelph he got 101 not out and 86 not out, both innings being channeled.

George W. Jones, of St. John, N. B., was captain of Merchiston School in Scotland in 1883, and was admitted to be the best bat in the Land of Cakes. On returning to Canada, in 1884, he scored well for the Canadian I Zingari and International teams. Last year he did some heavy scoring against good bowling by the Rev. R. T. Thornton. Last year for the Toronto Club he scored 41 against Hamilton and 93 against the North of Canada. He bowls good slow rounds with a break and is a brilliant fielder.

A. C. Allan, of Toronto, is a magnificent batsman, and he has to his credit the performance of making the largest score ever compiled against a visiting English team. His great strength is in his ability to time the ball correctly. He is a good bowler, varying from fast to slow, and a good fielder. C. J. Amant, of Halifax, is a Canadian by birth. He is twenty-one years of age, a good bat and effective slow bowler.

A ROYAL DRAWING ROOM.

How the Fortunate Ones of Society Have to Run the Gauntlet to Get There.

In England says an exchange that institution called the drawing-room has in it about as much rationality as may be found in any form of fetish worship among the savages of Africa. In the piercing east winds of March, hundreds of delicate young girls, of middle-aged ladies, and tottering old dowagers bare their arms and necks half-way to the waist, put on trains to which peacock's is a dusty job, and set out in broad daylight to spend an hour or so in their carriages, waiting their turn for presentation or simple attendance. The rudest roughs and coarsest scum of London gather round the carriages, standing stationary for a quarter of an hour at a time, or moving forward at a foot's pace. They press close, flattening their noses against the glass, making brutal remarks and passing round little jokes. The show is for them as well as for the immediate actors, and they are not minded to lose the benefit of it. The pretty young girls have to run the gauntlet of an admiration that is more offensive than flattering. The plain ones hear a few unvarnished words which make no pretense of gilding. The stout old ladies, with their quivering acres of flesh displayed according to the rules, and the thin quinquagenarians, bronchitic, nervous, anemic, are saluted with derision and criticised without mercy. Only that certain kind of opulent beauty, which is radiant with health and destitute of nerves, enjoys the admiration, which to others sounds more like insults than praise and this kind she well does, flattening their noses against the glass, making brutal remarks and passing round little jokes. The show is for them as well as for the immediate actors, and they are not minded to lose the benefit of it. The pretty young girls have to run the gauntlet of an admiration that is more offensive than flattering. The plain ones hear a few unvarnished words which make no pretense of gilding. The stout old ladies, with their quivering acres of flesh displayed according to the rules, and the thin quinquagenarians, bronchitic, nervous, anemic, are saluted with derision and criticised without mercy. Only that certain kind of opulent beauty, which is radiant with health and destitute of nerves, enjoys the admiration, which to others sounds more like insults than praise and this kind she well does, flattening their noses against the glass, making brutal remarks and passing round little jokes.

A Woman Betrayed.

Mrs. Dollinger, a Sioux Falls lady, who lives on Twelfth Street, heard a rap at the door, the other afternoon, and responded to find a very distinguished-looking gentleman, extremely dignified and handsome. "Ah! Mrs. Dollinger, I believe," he said. "My name is Harcourt. I live at Horton. Mrs. Scott, of that place, is your sister, is she not?" "Yes, sir." "Ah! Yes; I am very well acquainted with her. She requested me to call and do a little errand for her." "Oh, yes. Won't you step in, Mr. Harcourt?" "Thank you; pray don't put yourself to any trouble on my account."

"Certainly not. Was my sister well?" "Quite well, I am pleased to say. By the way, Mrs. Dollinger, I have a little work here which I would like to show, as I am sure you would be interested in it. It is called 'Daniel in the Lion's Den,' and is by the Rev. Thomas R. Deuteronomy, and it comes in twelve parts, exquisitely bound in cloth, leather, or extra Russia, is finely illustrated, and should be in every library, and I am taking hundreds of orders, as you can see by examining this order book, and everybody is wild over it, and all pronounce it the most wonderful book written since the Holy Scriptures. It treats of Daniel in ten stages, when he started to go into the den, when he got a little further in, when he got clear in, when the lions came up to examine him, while they were making their survey, while they retired to consult together, when they decided a post mortem would be necessary, when they convinced them that he would not consent to an autopsy, when the lions retired and Daniel got out, embellished with numerous cuts, plans, maps and beautiful steel engravings, comes at \$1 a part, or \$12 for entire work, put your name down here, and pay as you receive each part, eleven parts now ready—here's a fountain pen, write under Mr. Brown's name at the bottom of page."

"Mr. Harcourt," said Mrs. Dollinger, rising and suppressing her tears, "you're a mean, deceitful book agent. Get out of my house!" "I know; but just sign—" "Go on, or I shall scream!" "Certainly, certainly, if you insist; no offence. But can you tell me the name of the lady next door, and where some of her family live? Ah, you won't! I'll work another scheme, then. Good day, Mrs. Dollinger, good day; glad to have made your acquaintance."—Dakota Bell.

Making Matters Worse.

[Washington Herald.]

There is a story afloat that has not yet been in print, I believe, of a young man who called on a certain Senator's wife, or some other great man's wife, and found it rather difficult to keep up conversation with her. The lady in question was of the class who have risen from the ranks; she had been dragged up into unaccustomed spheres by the success of her husband. Hence, possibly, the difficulty the young man experienced in his efforts to entertain her. Finally a happy thought struck him—he'd talk of her daughter. Said he: "I met your daughter a few weeks ago. She is much improved, but appears to be a little delicate yet, and you know it is fashionable to be a little delicate." "Delicate!" exclaimed the robust old dame, "not a bit of it. She's the most indelicate girl I know of in sassify."

Giants of the Past.

An opinion was current in the last century, says a writer in Popular Science, that our ancestors, at some time in the past, were the equals or superiors in size to the largest men now to be found. Mr. Henricus presented to the Academic des Inscriptions, in 1718, a memoir on the variations in the size of man from the beginning of the world till the Christian era, in which Adam was given 123 feet 9 inches, and Eve 118 feet 6 inches. But after the first pair, the human race, in his imagination, suffered a regular decrease, so that Noah was only 100 feet high, Moses 13 feet, the mighty Hercules to 10 feet 8 inches, and Alexander the Great to 6 feet 6 inches. The communication, it is said, was received with enthusiasm, and was regarded at the time as a "wonderful discovery," and a "sublime vision."

Mary C. Vass, of Mobile, on Friday last took command of the Lomax Rifles in an exhibition drill at Washington City. She is called "the sponsor of the company." Her face is of the best type of Southern beauty, and her figure is queenly symmetry—that is to say, she has a genuine military bearing.

NIGHT IN THE CITY.

HOW IT IS SPENT BY SOME OF OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

At the Churches in the Saloons and Elsewhere.

To the young man from the country the night side of city life has peculiar attractions. He reads sensational stories about bold robberies, secret murders, drugged liquor and wickedness in all its forms. If he be of an imaginative disposition he paints pictures in his mind of the horrors of city life, and as he revolves them over and over he finds that the horrors have a silver lining, and usually on his first or second visit to town experiences a desire to taste of the dissipation of the city; to seek out the haunts of crime and to see if what he has read is really true. The young man who has been brought up in the city does not wait until he reaches manhood to begin his inquiries into the dark side of city life. He is only too soon familiarized with wicked ways. Unlike the young man from the country the city youth does not open the book in the middle he commences at the title page, reads the preface slowly and gradually works his way through the pages. Which way is the worst it would be difficult to decide. In one case the contest is usually sharp and decisive; in the other while not so rapid the fall is quite as sure.

Just now St. John is experiencing one of those periodical moral waves that sweep over every city once or twice a decade. The fiat has gone forth that liquor saloons shall have but one door and that all places of questionable repute shall be closed up. All those who have lived long enough have heard several times before. This statement in itself is sufficient to show how ineffective have been the efforts of the police. Had the previous efforts been crowned with success there would have been no need of repeating them at the present time.

But it is not proposed to deal with the moral side of this question in the present article. The idea is to show how the young men of the city spend their nights. St. John has been called the city of churches. That such buildings are numerous in St. John is well known. To the people who are brought under their influence the church is the great social centre. Meetings of one kind or another are held every evening, particularly in the winter season. One night is given to the young people, who are usually formed into an association, the sewing circle as it is sometimes known the ladies aid society have a night, a reception is held on another night and a prayer meeting some other night. Then there is a choir practice or something of that kind. It is startling the number of organizations that are attached to some city churches. Every evening of the week can be filled in this way if it is desired, and there are some young people of both sexes who are remarkably faithful in their attendance upon church meetings. But they are in the minority. There are many other ways of spending the evening, which find more devotees than the churches. The Young Men's Christian Association with its gymnasium is one of these. Then there are three reading rooms which are open to some classes, but they are only patronized by a small class.

The larger part of our young men seek more exciting ways of spending the evening than any above enumerated. Go into any billiard room between eight o'clock and midnight and see the number of young men as well as old rounders. The youth who is just beginning to see life can be easily distinguished in the motley throng. He may be and usually is as fashionably dressed as his companions but as he struts around the billiard table he does so with an awkward air that betrays him, and if he does not walk awkwardly he is perpetually chalking his cue. Amateurs, and even those who play well in private but are unaccustomed to public exhibitions, find chalking their cue about the best way to fill in the time. Then they have not that familiar acquaintance with the bar keeper that the more experienced young rounder has. Neither can they call grey haired old timers by their christian names. But in due time they will advance and astonish even themselves. Billiards are in themselves a most harmless amusement and hundreds of young men learn to play billiards and find in them quite sufficient dissipation. But

these are not all. Billiards to others are only the entering wedge.

When they leave the billiard saloon they go to some one of the numerous bars and there spend an hour or two over a glass of punch or some other pleasant tasting beverage. They are in for a good time and they are bound to have it. Billiards and whiskey are undoubtedly pleasant at night, but an overdose has a depressing effect on the spirits the following morning, particularly if the bout is continued far into the night.

Domestic Recipes.

DHAL.—Put one pint of split peas to soak all night in cold water. Next morning, add to the peas, after well washing them, one pint of boiling water. Simmer for five hours, or until the peas are soft and pulpy. Add more water during the boiling, if required. Cut up and fry two middle-sized onions till of a golden brown; add to the peas, with three cloves and a dessert spoonful of curry powder, and two ounces of butter. Simmer for another ten minutes, and serve with rice round.

STRAWBERRY TART.—Strawberries, sugar, puff paste. Pick over the strawberries carefully, and arrange them in layers in a deep puff crust, sprinkle each layer thickly with sugar; fill very full, pour in a teaspoonful of strawberry juice made from the soft berries that have been squeezed through a fine cloth. Cover with the pastry, and bake.

TOMATOES AND EGGS.—One dozen large tomatoes, four ounces of butter, one small onion, seasoning, six eggs. Peel the skins from the tomatoes, put the butter into a frying-pan, add the onion minced fine, and pepper and salt to taste. Fry the tomatoes, and from time to time chop them while frying; when they are well cooked break the eggs into the pan, stir the whole quickly, and serve hot.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Mix one quarter of a pound of soft soap with the same quantity of powdered whiting, an ounce of soda and a piece of stone blue the size of a walnut. Boil these together for fifteen minutes, and then while hot rub it on the marble with a piece of flannel; leave it on for twenty-four hours, then wash it off with clean water and polish the marble with a piece of coarse flannel or a piece of an old hat.

Letters in Russia.

An Odessa letter to the London News says: "I have the authority of a superior post-office official for stating that during the recent Nihilist scare, no less than forty-five per cent. of the whole of the letters passing through the Russian post were opened. This calculation does not include the correspondence of a large class of suspects whose letters are always opened as a matter of course. My informant explained to me that the staff employed for this purpose does not regularly belong to the post-office, and there is very slight control over it, more especially in the provincial centres. The danger to private correspondence, it seems, is not so much in opening and perusing the ordinary letters, but the officials do not act up to their instructions in reclosing and fastening them. They have, on the contrary, an ugly habit of bundling innocent letters into the fire rather than take the trouble of making them up again."

Some English Social Customs.

The English girl has almost no social freedom. The wife has much within certain limits, where a woman is never free until she is bound—in the bonds of wedlock. English women are very submissive to the good man. But there is one field in which she is the sole monarch—namely: the field of society. An Englishman may not drag Tom, Dick, or Harry home to dinner unless his wife be quite agreeable, and, in fact, give the invitation. He must take strangers to his club, but not to his domestic fireside, unless "the missis" shall so wish. And when she does so wish, business matters are topics never discussed at dinner. In fact, to discuss a man's business life is always a breach of English etiquette.

Swiss bolts of jet are to be much worn with white summer gowns.

Old blue and Charles X. pink are charmingly combined in the new gingham.

Brown and white wool dresses will be much worn this season. The skirt is white, braided with brown. The full drapery is brown, as is the basque, which has a white waistcoat braided with brown. A white hat trimmed with a number of brown sparrows completes the toilet.

For wear with the pretty printed cotton dresses in the country are large sun umbrellas of printed cotton, with pastoral and landscape upon them. They are pretty and deliciously quaint. The handles are of light-colored wood with big crooks or hoops at the end.